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NO. 37



THE GAZETTE.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1832

"Clay, Liberty and Union."

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

FOR PRESIDENT.

HENRY CLAY, of Kentucky.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

JOHN SERGEANT, of Penn.

THE CHAMPIONS OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM!

THE WORKING MAN'S ADVOCATES!

THE FRIENDS OF LIBERTY IN EVERY CLIME!

The People's Ticket.

THE FRIENDS OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY, INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT, AND CIVIL QUALIFICATION FOR CIVIL OFFICE.

1. Dist. John A. Chadler, of Norfolk county
2. John Ross, of Isle of Wight,
3. Benjamin Hatcher, of Manchester,
4. John Tucker, of Brunswick,
5. Samuel Branch, of Prince Edward,
6. Fortunatus Sydnor, of Lynnhburg,
7. David Saunders, of Bedford,
8. Thomas R. Joyner, of Accomac,
9. Chapman Johnson, of Richmond,
10. Joseph C. Cabell, of Nelson,
11. James Barbour, sen. of Orange,
12. Charles Hill, of King and Queen,
13. John Tahaferro, of King George,
14. Sydnor Bailey, of Loudoun,
15. Thomas Marshall, of Fauquier,
16. Philip C. Pendleton, of Berkeley,
17. John White Page, of Frederick,
18. Waldo P. Goff, of Harrison,
19. Samuel Miller, of Augusta,
20. Edward Watts, of Botetourt,
21. Peter H. Steinbergen, of Mason,
22. Charles L. Crockett, of Wythe.

MILITARY CAUCUS TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ANDREW JACKSON, of Tennessee.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, of New York.

PHILIP P. BARBOUR, of Virginia.

1. Dist. George Loyall, of Norfolk,
2. John Cargill, of Sussex,
3. James Jones, of Nottaway,
4. Thomas M. Nelson, of Mecklenburg,
5. Archibald Austin, of Buckingham,
6. Richard Logan, of Halifax,
7. Joseph Martin, of Henry,
8. William Jones, of Gloucester,
9. William H. Roane, of Hanover,
10. Samuel Carr, of Albemarle,
11. Lawrence T. Dade, of Orange,
12. Archibald R. Harwood, of King & Queen,
13. Samuel Blackwell, of Northumberland,
14. John Gibson, of Prince William,
15. Inman Horner, of Fauquier,
16. Hierome L. Opie, of Jefferson,
17. James M. Mason, of Frederick,
18. John McMillan, of Brooke,
19. Jacob D. Williamson, of Rockingham,
20. Charles Beale, of Botetourt,
21. Thomas Bland, of Lewis,
22. Andrew Russell, of Washington.

TO THE OPPONENTS OF JACKSON IN VIRGINIA.

Why do ye slumber? While your brethren in every State, are buckling on their armor, why in Virginia alone, are we listless and inert? Do you despair of the good cause? Do you believe the tyrant invincible? Never did the cause look so well. Nay, never before this time, did it really look well. It *now* looks well. There is no mistake about it.—The Palace minions, the office holders, the office hunters, the Treasury press, tremble for the issue. Every mail from the North, brings intelligence of defections from Jackson, of numerous meetings of the People, of declarations in various forms, of their loss of confidence in the ignorant old man whom their mistaken gratitude elevated to a power which he was unworthy and incompetent to wield. The great States of Pennsylvania and New York are abandoning Jackson. The evidence of the fact multiplies every day, and is of so decisive a character, as to encourage the most despondent of his adversaries and to alarm the most confident of those who affirm him to have been "born to command," and who insultingly alleged that his popularity "can stand any thing."

Anti Jacksonians of Virginia—who feel it a disgrace ever to have been under the rule of the insatiable tyrant—be up and doing. Assemble in the several counties and appoint committees. Invite all the people to attend and lay before them, what the great mass have never been permitted to see, the irrefragable testimony of his misrule—of his presuming to consider the offices of State, the "spoils" of Andrew Jackson, with which he was at liberty to reward his profligate partisans, and to buy up Members of Congress and the press—of his intimidation of Congress by his bullies—of his suppression of the co-ordinate powers of the Senate, and the substitution of his arbitrary will and pleasure—of the thousand incidents in the history of his Administration, which prove him not less unrelenting

and vindictive in his private, than arbitrary and ignorant in his public character. Are ye afraid to meet your opponents before the People on these questions? Is it possible, that the People, who have no motives to decide against their country, if fairly and fully informed of the course and history of Jackson's Administration, can hesitate to strip him of power?

Virginia is now for Jackson. No man disputes it. But who does not perceive the slenderness of the thread which sustains his ascendancy? Who so disingenuous as not to acknowledge that it is not his popularity, but the unpopularity of Mr. Clay, (an unpopularity effected by years of malignant slander and abuse) which gives him an apparent standing in Virginia? Does not every man see, that properly speaking, he has no popularity, or is popular only with the most ignorant? Do not his intelligent friends hang their heads, and sigh over the disappointment of all their hopes from his administration? Hear you any intelligent man clamorous for Jackson, unless he be a dependent, a recipient or an expectant? In fine, but that political circumstances, wholly unconnected with Jackson's merits, sustain him in this Commonwealth, would a man of sense be found in his ranks? We must solemnly believe not one—*excepting always*—a certain office hunting class, whose favor he may depend upon, do what he may.

In a community thus disposed, there must be every encouragement for exertion. It is in the power of activity, concert, and honorable effort, to retrieve Virginia from Jacksonism. Thrice blessed day! should it ever come! Glorious day! Glorious not for the sake of Henry Clay—not for the triumph of partisan feeling: Not even so much for the good of the Union, infinitely as that would be promoted by smothering out Jackson and his crew at Washington; but glorious in effacing the dark and foul spot which adhesion\* to Jacksonism has imprinted on the proud escutcheon of the mother of Statesmen!—*Con. Whig.*

Governor M'Arthur, of Ohio, has by proclamation, recommended to the citizens of that state, to set apart Thursday, the 13th day of September, as a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer to God, that he may avert the dreadful pestilence, which has, in its progress, proved so fatal to human life.

The Governor of Tennessee has issued his proclamation, convening the Legislature, on the first Monday in September next, to fix the mode of choosing electors of President and Vice President.

In looking over the list of candidates for civil offices in the Cherokee nation, as announced in the Phoenix, we observe the following, among others:—Sleeping Rabbit, Sweet Water, Romain Nose, Parched Corn.

The Editor of the Ohio State Journal is about to publish an Extra Weekly, to be devoted exclusively to the dissemination of correct political information, to be continued till the termination of the Presidential canvass. Terms one dollar for two copies during that time.

*The Robbed Robber.*—For some time past, a lad has been employed in obtaining small quantities of goods from various places, under the false pretence that his father or his mother or some other person wished to see them. In this roguery he succeeded very well. One day he had the address to obtain a pair of boots to show his father. The boots were taken to Broadway and exchanged for the quarter of a ticket. The ticket drew a prize of a thousand dollars. This good fortune worked his detection: for he must needs buy a watch, and make a dash at the Five Points. There of course he was robbed; and repaying to the Police for redress, met some of the persons whom he had himself robbed, and was lodged in Bridewell. His reversionary interest in the prize money falls to the honest boot maker and his associates, "parties of the first part" in the affair. *N. Y. Jour. Com.*

THE ELOPEMENT.

"And this young man you talk of, this aristocratic plebeian, sir, resides at the Western Farm."

"He does, Mr. Froth, and I don't at all like his appearance, I assure you."

"How so?—I thought you said his appearance was very prepossessing!"

"Too much so, I'm afraid. I can't persuade myself he is the rustic in reality he pretends to be."

"Romance for a thousand!—ah! what a lucky dog I am! I shall go this moment and make his acquaintance, hear all his story, add a few items from my own imagination, and furnish up a three volume novel directly. 'The Sentimental Unknown,' or 'The Rustic in the wilds'—a good thought, ain't it sir?"

"I'm no judge, Mr. Froth—but all that I can say is, I don't like this rambling so much in my park; and I rather suspect my daughter Maria knows more about him than we do."

"Hem!—indeed!—that makes it a different matter; but you know, sir, I have your consent; as to the heart, it is a mere trifle in these matters. Miss Maria shall be Mrs. Froth in three days;—for, a word in your ear Sir Timothy—I think I shall make a bold push for it, and carry her off."

"Carry her off! How sir!—carry off my own daughter when you have my consent to marry her!"

riages, when fiddling old fellows of fathers give the obedient couple their blessings, and every thing is carried on with the precision and solemnity of a funeral! No; give me the runaway match—the galloping horses—the pursuit—the paragraph in the newspapers! Zounds! the name of Froth shall make some noise in the world!"

"Mr. Froth—sir—what do you mean, sir, by inculcating such doctrine in my presence, talking disrespectfully of the paternal benediction?"

"I beg pardon—don't get into a heat—'tis unpoetical!"

"What do you mean, sir, by talking to me about poetical?"

"'Tis unromantic, sir—'tis absurd."

"Oh, I see—I see. Mr. Froth, I certainly promised you my daughter's hand; but sir, this is not the way to gain it."—*Exit.*

"The old gentleman seems in a rage to day; so much the better for my work. A novel never takes without a choleric old gentleman. But I must hie me to the Western Farm, and hold commune with this rustic. In the meantime I shall keep my eyes on Miss Maria. I shall hire some simple fellow to watch her, and give me notice of what she has been doing during my absence. Here, rustic—pastoral—clod!"

"Ees, zur, here I bees," said the peasant thus addressed.

"'Tis a fine day, peasant. Now, respond to my interrogatories."

"Thank ye, zur—the same to you zur."

"The name of this estate?"

"We calls on Morland Hall."

"Right. Thou art of acute understanding. Knowest thou who resides in yonder mansion?"

"Ees, zur—it be old Zur Timothy and his young woman."

"Woman!—Ancient, thou unsophisticated! Elevate thy plebeian understanding to the empyrean heights of Apocalyptic glory, and call her angel!"

"Ees, zur."

"Well, now, this is my command to thee—keep strict watch here in my absence, and on no account permit the beautiful Miss Maria Morland, to whom I am going to be married shortly—you need not jump so, but listen to what I say—on no account, I say, allow her to go towards Western Farm. There is some scoundrel hiding himself there, whom I suspect to be some lover or other she must have met with at her aunt's in Leicestershire. I am going to find out his disguise, and I'll disfigure her to rest, for this very evening I have ordered my carriage to the corner of the hazel copse to carry her off."

"Ees, zur—surely."

"So now be watchful, and silver coin shall chink in each pocket."

"To night!—this very night! Oh my Maria, is this your constancy—after all the protestations you have made to me, to elope with such a paltry, contemptible blockhead! But how lucky he told me of their plans! I'll disconcert them. Who could believe that falsehood could dwell with so much beauty?"

"Rawdon, dear Rawdon, I have only this moment been able to escape—What you don't seem glad to see me."

"You talk of making your escape, Miss Morland; you are an adept at making your escape."

"What mean you. Have I done any thing to offend you?"

"Mr. Froth, madam, has this moment informed me of your projected elopement this evening."

"Elopement—this evening—you are dreaming."

"I was not dreaming when I heard the conceited fool declare he was to carry you off to night; that his carriage was to be at the door—and that he was to marry you immediately."

"Ha! ha!—it is only some contemptible invention of my miserable admirer. Elope with him! no, never with him."

"Is it with any one else, then? I may have a misunderstanding."

"With any one else? Why, how should I know? no one else has asked me."

"Eh? what? Fool, fool that I have been at this time! Forgive me, dearest Maria, but I am worried past endurance by the concealment which you yourself recommended; why not let me reveal my name and rank at once to your father, and claim?"

"Oh, he can't hear of it! I tell you he is under a solemn obligation to give Mr. Froth his vote and interest for my hand; but—"

"But what, my angel? Speak on."

"But—it—you know—if I were fairly married I mean if you know—why, how slow you are, Rawdon."

"Slow!—never was such an angelic, dear, delightful fellow—well elope before then; Froth may elope by himself, if he likes. We'll be off this very hour; but, confound my ill luck, I left my carriage twenty miles off at the Falcon."

"Ah! how unfortunate! could you not have brought your carriage to the farm?"

"With these clothes? in this disguise, Maria?"

"No; I see it was impossible. Hush, here's Mr. Froth."

"Ha! Bumpkin, still here? that's right, my boy, there's a crown for you—abscond, but wait at a little distance; I shall discourse with thee anon. Your admirer, Miss Morland, at the farm, is one of the cleverest fellows in England."

"My admirer at the farm, Mr. Froth! you surprise me."

"I knew I should; I always like to surprise the ladies. But positively he's a capital hit; he'll carry through the third volume swimmingly; such a power of face; such a twang; and such matchless impudence in denying that he was any thing but what he seemed. I told him I knew it all; that he was a gentleman, that he was in love with you, and to all that I said he only opened his great saucy eyes and said, 'Zurely, zur. Oh, 'twas infinitely provocative of exclamation!'"

"It must have been very amusing to hear a Devonshire peasant talk in the patois of his country."

"Exactly—very amusing. But it was not

a peasant, Miss Maria; no, no; it was the acting I admired; it was a gentleman, Miss Maria; and a friend of yours, too. But we'll trick him; your father is in favour of my claims upon your hand; but it is an exceedingly prosaic way of being married. Don't you think so?"

"Very."

"And you would prefer a more spirited match?"

"Yes."

"An elopement?"

"Perhaps."

"Capital! thank ye, thank ye,—'twill be an admirable incident towards the conclusion."

"What sir?"

"Why the elopement to be sure, and the disappointment of the suitor, who is no doubt quite confident of success—won't it be capital?"

"Yes."

"How like a fool he'll look when he finds his angel has gone off with another—won't he?"

"Yes—very."

"Well—but let us arrange it. My carriage shall be at the hazel copse at half past five—get all your things into it—slip quietly out yourself—four admirable pistols—pistols in the pockets. I have already put a purse under the seat, to pay as we go along. Ha! that's our sort!—you'll do it?"

"Perhaps."

"Thank ye, thank ye—here then by this kiss I swear!"

"Zur, zur, here be zur Timothy."

"Shepherd, never interrupt people on the point of kissing, 'tis cruel—had Miss Morland gone!—Well, clodpole, what didst thou remark in my absence?"

"Elaiks! the young woman an' me—uz got on prodigious fine—ees."

"You did? but she seemed to have no inclination to go to the farm?"

"Noa—she stayed where she was—she seemed well enough pleased wi' it."

"She is a lady of great discernment. But stay—I shall need your services again. Be punctual at the hazel copse at half past five. You will there see a carriage and four—help Miss Morland into it, and allow no one to go near her except yourself, till I come. You may stay beside her to protect her in my absence."

"Ees, zur, I'll protect she wi' my life."

"Good—rustic, thou art not the greatest fool in the world."

"Noa, zur—I be next to no fool."

"Thou'rt modest; be punctual—be faithful, and another crown rewards thy fidelity."—*Exit.*

"Well, this is better than I could possibly have expected—let me see—four o'clock, I'll go to the farm, make all my arrangements, and be ready to take advantage of my good fortune at half past five."

At half past five a carriage with four posters was waiting at the appointed place. Miss Morland tripped quickly from the hall, and was received by her disguised admirer.

"Dearest Maria, this is so kind."

"Hush, hush—Mr. Froth will be here instantly I saw him with papa in the shrubbery, as I passed."

"Well, jump into the carriage, we must borrow Mr. Froth's. Now, I'm in after you; shut the door, postillion, drive like a whirlwind."

"Please, sir," said the postillion, "be you the gemman as hired the horses?"

"Here," my good fellow, there's a sovereign—drive well, it shall be doubled."

"I thought you was Mr. Froth. Jack, mind this here gemman is Mr. Froth—a sovereign, Jack."

"Mum's the word," said Jack, and put foot in stirrup.

"Hol hol wol stop there!" cried Mr. Froth, running at the top of his speed, followed in the distance by Sir Timothy; stop, you cursed postillion, that rustic is not I—that's my carriage. Miss Morland, for God's sake stop! Rustic bumpkin!"

"Hark ye, Mr. Froth, I'm rustic and bumpkin no longer. This young lady has consented to be my wife, and my wife she shall be, thanks to your carriage and well-laid scheme. My name is Sir Henry Rawdon, and by the light of heaven, if you move one step nearer, I'll blow out your brains with your own pistols—drive on!"

The carriage swept along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and Mr. Froth could only say to Sir Timothy as he approached, "Done, my Jupiter! my carriage, my pistols, my money, my plan, my every thing—it will be a brilliant event before the Finis. Can't we pursue them, sir?"

"My horses are lame, Mr. Froth."

"But mine are in the stable."

"My carriage is broken, Mr. Froth. Dinner is waiting, Mr. Froth—it is now exactly six."

SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF JOHN COLTER.

Mr. Bradbury, in his travels in the interior of North America, relates the following singular adventure of a man named John Colter.

"Colter came to St. Louis, May 1810, in a small canoe, from the head waters of the Missouri, a distance of 3,000 miles which he traversed in 80 days. I saw him on his arrival, and received from him an account of his adventures, after he had separated from Lewis and Clark's party; one of these, for its singularity, I shall relate. On the arrival of the party at the head waters of the Missouri, Colter observing an appearance of abundance of beaver being there, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did in company with a man of the name of Dixon, who had traversed the immense tract of country from St. Louis to the head waters of the Missouri alone. Soon after, he separated from Dixon, and trapped in company with a hunter named Potts; and, aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night, and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining their

traps early one morning, in a creek about six miles from the branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterwards their doubts were removed by a party of Indians, making their appearance on both sides of the creek, to the amount of five or six hundred, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter, who is a remarkable strong man, immediately retook it and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter I am wounded!" Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly leveled his rifle at the Indian and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effects of sudden but sound reasoning; for if taken alive, he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to their custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous, that, to use Colter's words, "he was made a riddle of." They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked and began to consult on the manner he should be put to death.

They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interferred, and seized him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast? Colter, who had been some time amongst the Kee katso or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was so well acquainted with Indian customs; he knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians; he therefore cunningly replied, that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and he let Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At this instant the horrid war hoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which himself was surprised. He proceeded towards the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth; abounding with prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half away across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before the rest, and not more than one hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief, that escape was within the bounds of possibility; but that confidence was nearly fatal to him; for he exerted himself to such a degree, that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but exhausted with running, he fell whilst endeavouring to throw his spear; which stuck in the ground, and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight. The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter; who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-tree wood, on the borders of the Fork, through which he ran and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper part of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged. He had dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself when the Indians arrived on the river, were catching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils." They were frantically on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter; who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might see the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft, and was silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed, and travelled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful: he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him; and was at least seven days' journey from Lisa's Fort, on the Highorn branch of the Roche Jaune river. These were circumstances, under which, almost any man, but an American hunter, would have despaired. He arrived at the Fort in seven days, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri, now known by naturalists as *porocula esculenta*.